

ZERO ZERO



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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

GAY GUYS, SKIP THIS PAGE!

How to Satisfy A Woman Every Time

by TERRY LABAN ©96



THE FACT IS THAT IT JUST DOESN'T TAKE THAT MUCH TO SATISFY A GUY.

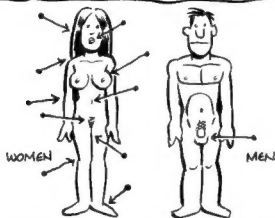
THAT'S WHY IT'S PROBABLY NO SURPRISE THAT MANY MEN THINK A WOMAN'S SEXUAL RESPONSE WILL BE AS AUTOMATIC AS THEIR OWN.



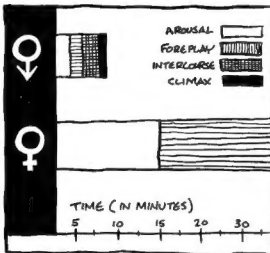
UNFORTUNATELY, NATURE HAS PLAYED A CRUEL TRICK ON US BY WIRING MEN AND WOMEN DIFFERENTLY.

AS A RESULT, FELLOWS, IT USUALLY TAKES A WOMAN TWO OR THREE TIMES AS LONG TO GET AROUSED AS IT DOES YOU!

ADD HER EMOTIONAL COMPLEXITY, AND YOU MAY FIND SEX CAN BE A LOT LIKE CRACKING A SAFE...



EROGENOUS ZONES



...WITH A COMBINATION THAT'S ALWAYS A BIT DIFFERENT!

SO, BEFORE YOU MAKE LOVE, UNPLUG THE CLOCKS, DISCONNECT THE PHONES, CANCEL ALL IMPENDING ENGAGEMENTS, AND COMMIT YOURSELF TO SEEING IT THROUGH--**NO MATTER WHAT!!**

IF YOU HANG IN THERE LONG ENOUGH, YOU'LL SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME!



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ZERO ZERO

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Silent Storie I.....2
Blanquet



Crumple, Chapter 47
Dave Cooper



The Time I Tried to Kidnap Myself24
Susan Catherine & Oscar Zarate



Party Props30
Mike Diana

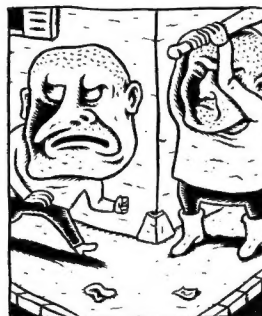
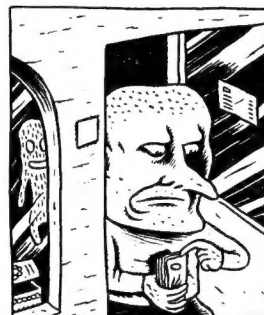
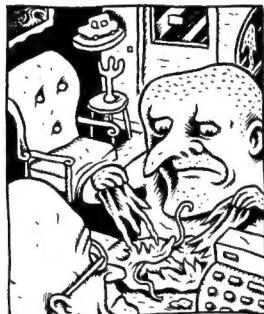


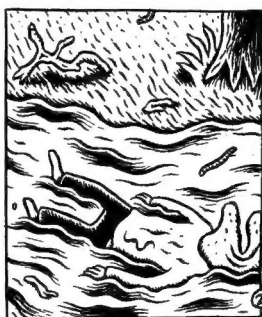
The Chuckling Whatsit, Chapter 13.....36
Richard Sala

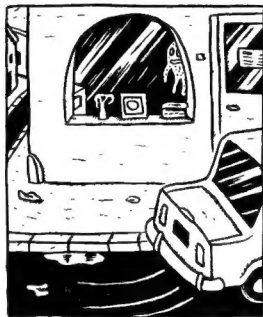


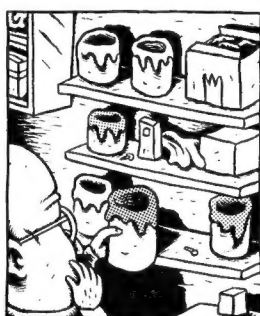
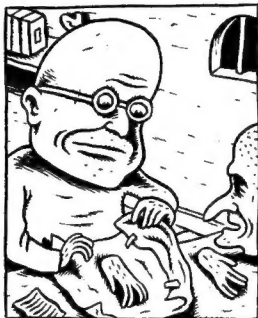
Silent Storie II45
Blanquet

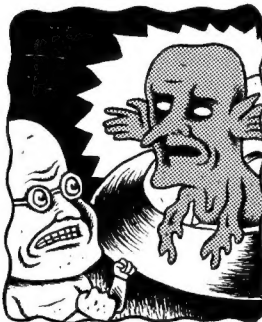
Silent Storie





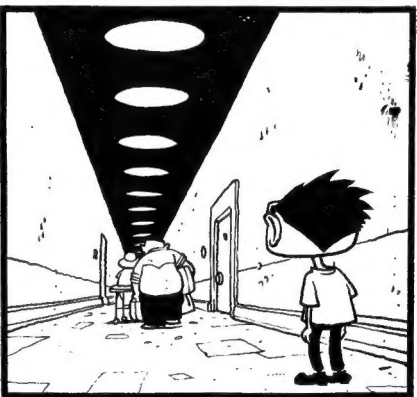
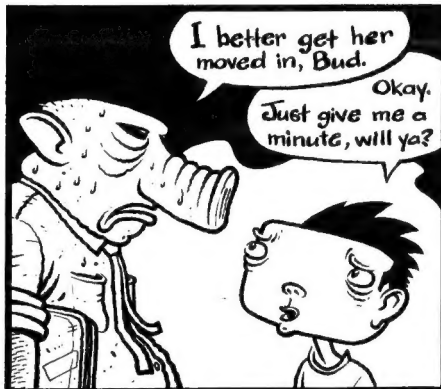


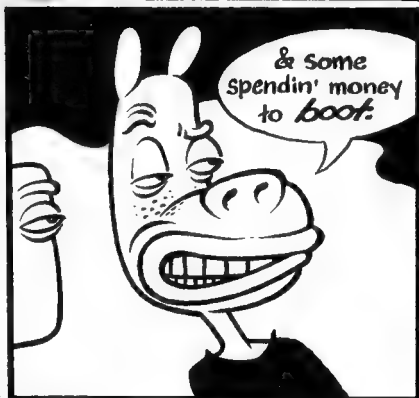
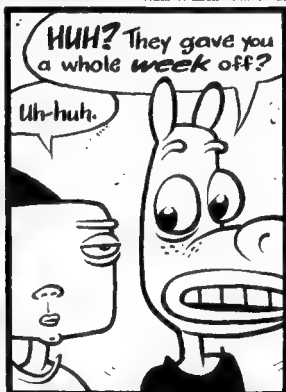




blanquet

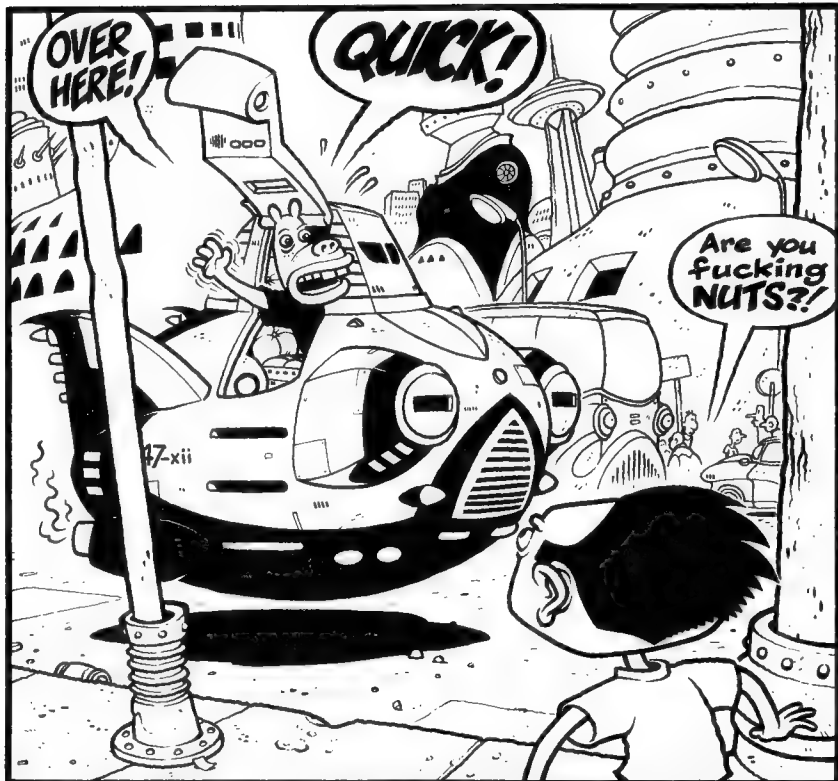


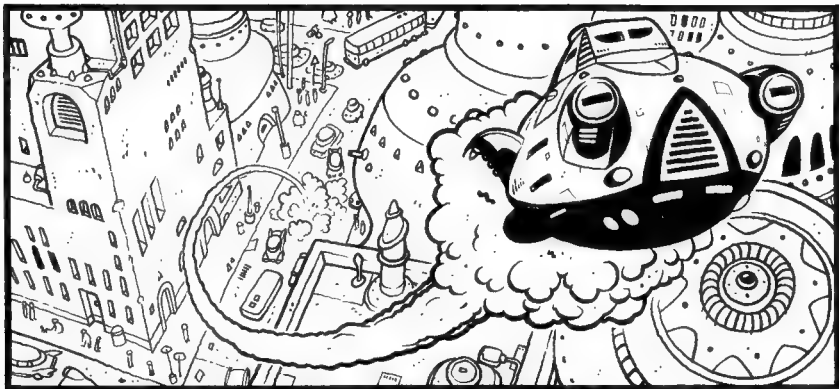


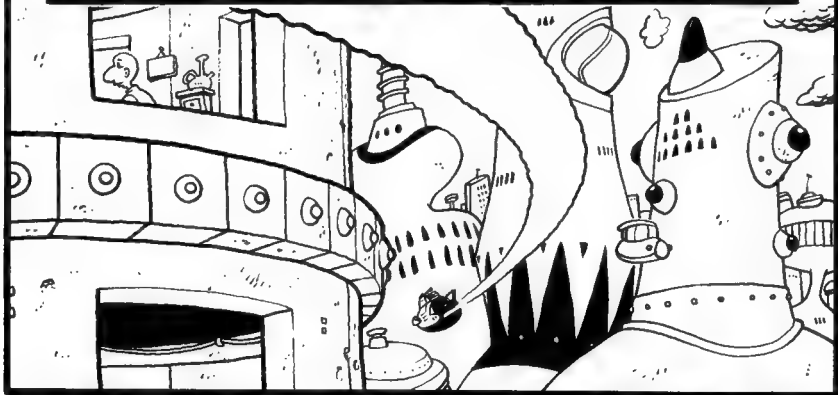


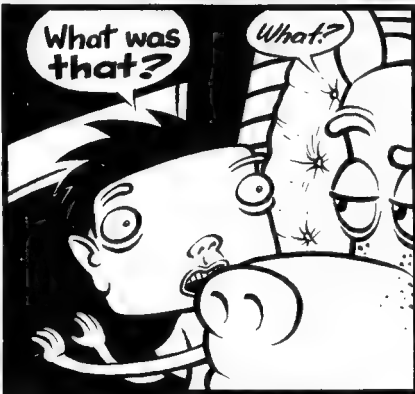
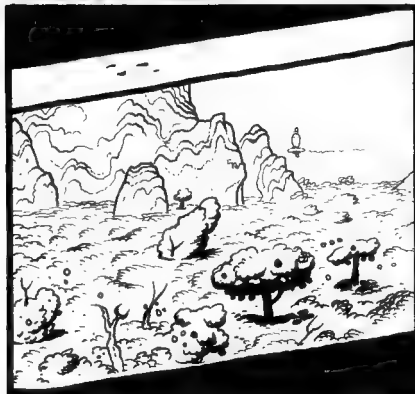
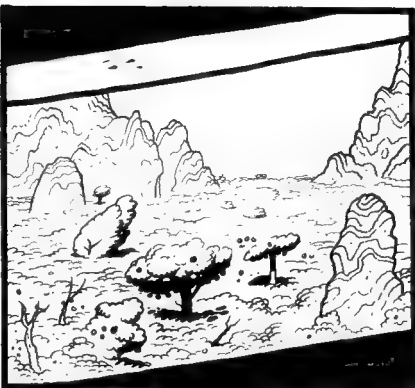












What was that?

What?



Something just flew past that mountain.

So fucking what? Probably just some commuter... or a traveller like us.

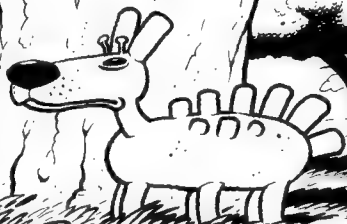


I think it was a UFO, man.

HA HA HA!! HEH. You fucking scaredypants!!

Ufo...

No wonder no one ever comes out here-- it's a fuckin' ... *Wilderness Kingdom*, or somethin'.



How much longer, Zev?

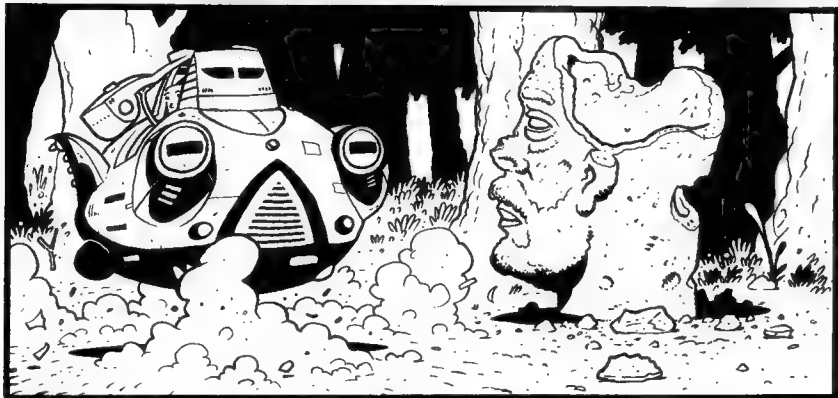
It's, like, a 3 hour drive.

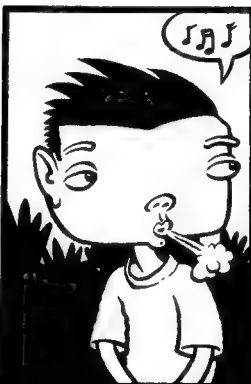
I have to take a piss.

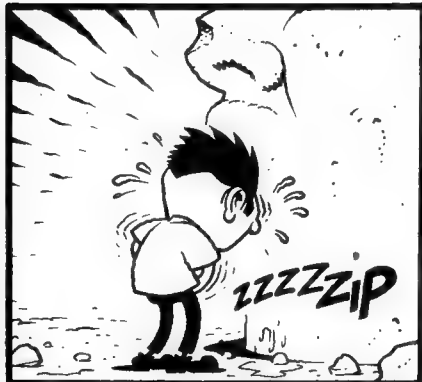
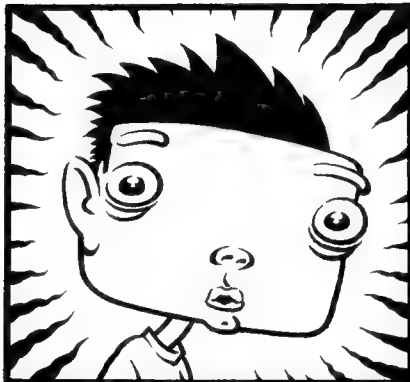
You're joking

I'm serious.

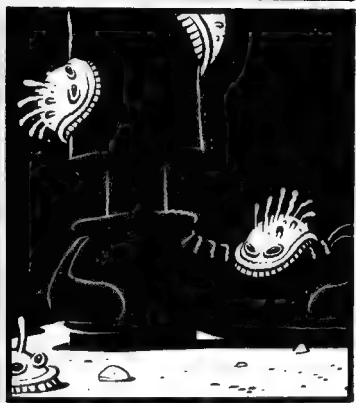
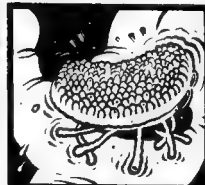
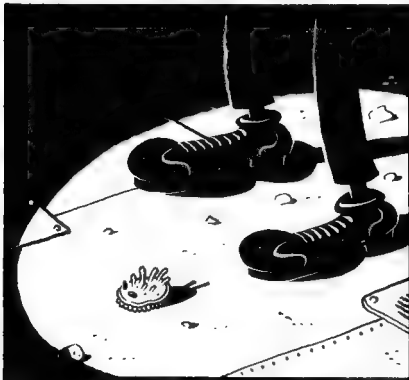
Oh, brother.

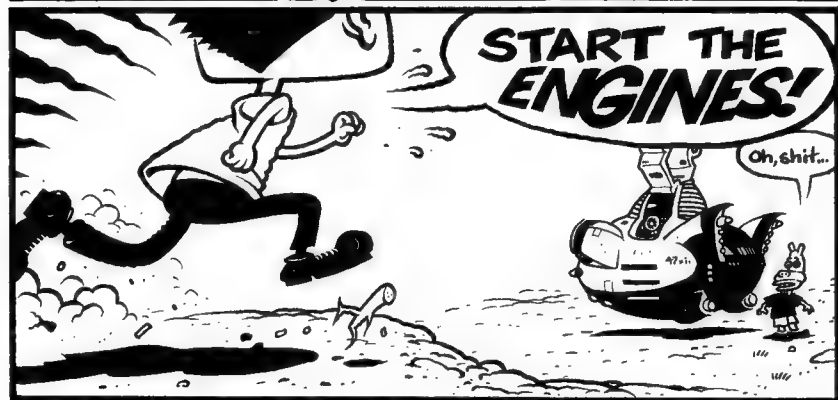


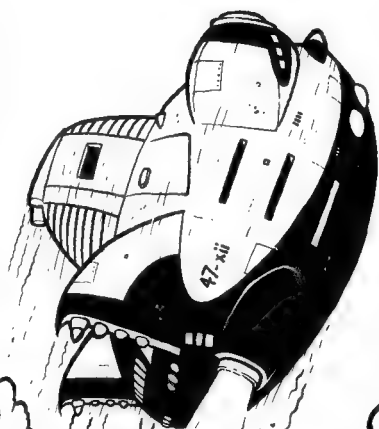
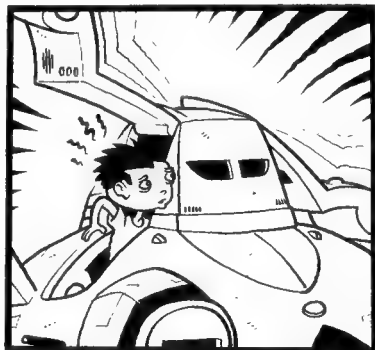












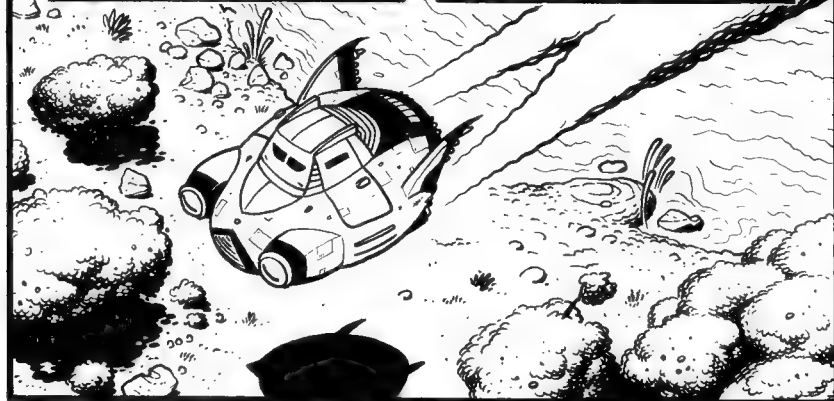
KHO WRR

What happened??

These fuckin' little insect things!!

Really gross. Fuck!! Just keep going!!





TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIME I TRIED
TO KIDNAP MYSELF.



LAST CALL
FLIGHT..

SUSAN CATHERINE /
OSCAR ZARATE

IT WAS VERY DARK INSIDE OF MY BOX
AND I WAS WORRIED THAT MY
SANDWICHES MIGHT GET SQUASHED.

DON'T THINK
ABOUT IT...

TCHED
ZADILOUT
SLIESAK!

LAST CALL
GATE 23...



FLIGHT
AR 153
TO ROME...
GATE...

RIO DE JANEIRO

HEATHROW
AIRPORT





I HAD MANAGED TO PUSH A SERIES OF POST-IT NOTES OUT OF A LITTLE HOLE IN A CORNER OF THE BOX. THEY WERE PRETTY CLEAR CUT:

HELP!
HELP! I AM
KIDNAPPED!
HELP ME!

AND THEN THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE:

PLEASE!
SOMEONE PUT
1,000.00 POUNDS
ON LLOYD'S CLASSIC
ACCOUNT No. 1241069
OR THEY WILL
KILL ME!

I HEARD OTHER
PACKAGES BEING
LOADED ON TO
THE PLANE.

AND I COULD HEAR PEOPLE
SPEAKING IN A FOREIGN
LANGUAGE BUT PROBABLY
IN CODES!

I GOT VERY, VERY SCARED SO I ATE BOTH
MY SANDWICHES TO TRY TO CALM DOWN.

MUNCH!
MUNCH!

MUNCH!
MUNCH!

MUNCH!
MUNCH!

ONE WAS PEANUT BUTTER AND HONEY,
WHICH I HAD MADE MYSELF,
AND THE OTHER WAS PLAIN
CHEESE, THAT I HAD BOUGHT.

THEN THE
ENGINES
STARTED.

BUT AFTER I FINISHED I WAS JUST MORE SCARED.

I THOUGHT ABOUT HOW I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO JAPAN, NOT AS A PACKAGE, NOT EVEN IF I GOT 1,000.00 POUNDS!

WHEN I HEARD A BOX FULL OF TURKEYS GET SET ALONGSIDE OF ME I PANICKED.

HELP!

I THOUGHT I COULDN'T BREATHE.

GASP!

I STARTED KICKING THE SIZE OF MY BOX BUT NOT ONE CAME.

MUM!

AMAZINGLY, JUST I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE, THE ENGINES STOPPED.



I HEARD PEOPLE TALKING IN CODES AGAIN, AND I WAS PRETTY SURE THEY WERE SAYING RUDE THINGS ABOUT OUR BOXES- BUT I DIDN'T CARE.



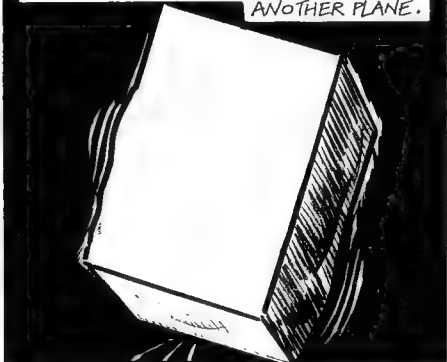
MY BOX WAS PULLED ALONG WITH THE TURKEYS, OUT, AND THEY LOADED US ON SOME KIND OF VEHICLE AND PROVE IT TO THE BASEMENT OF THE AIRPORT.



THE REASON I KNOW THEY BROUGHT US TO THE BASEMENT IS BECAUSE THAT WAS WHEN I DECIDED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THAT SITUATION.



I SAW THAT WAS MY ONE CHANCE BEFORE THEY LOADED OUR SHIPMENT ONTO ANOTHER PLANE.



I STARTED KICKING LIKE MAD, TRYING TO THINK ABOUT THOSE SPANISH DANCERS WHO KICK WITH THEIR HEELS.



UNTIL I SAW LIGHT AT THE BOTTOM OF MY BOX AND IT BROKE AWAY.



AND I CRAWLED OUT AND
STOOD STRAIGHT UP.



IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET OUT OF
THERE WAS TO PRETEND TO BE A PERSON WHO WAS
WORKING AT THE AIRPORT.



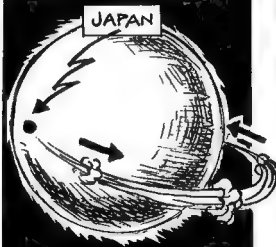
SO I PRETENDED TO BE A BOX
INSPECTOR AND STARTED WALKING
AROUND INSPECTING THE
PILED-UP BOXES.

BUT ALL THE TIME I WAS REALLY
MAKING MY WAY CLOSER TO THE DOOR.

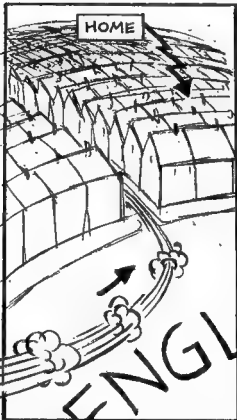


WHEN I GOT TO THE DOOR,
I WALKED OUT ACTING LIKE
I WAS GOING TO MAKE A
REPORT ABOUT
HOW MANY BOXES
THERE WERE.

WHEN I GOT OUTSIDE
I STARTED RUNNING!



HOME

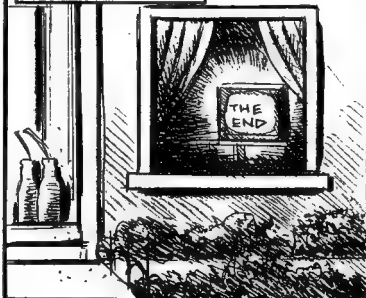


HOME



THE GREAT PART WAS THAT A COUPLE
OF DAYS LATER I GOT A LETTER
FROM THE BANK THAT 1,000.00
POUNDS WAS DEPOSITED
ON MY ACCOUNT.

THE
END



party props

MIKE
DIANA
1996

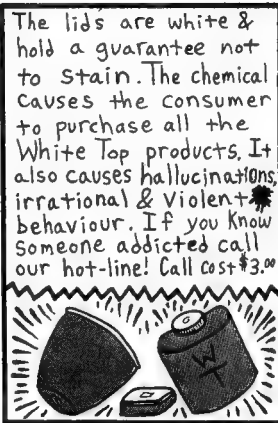
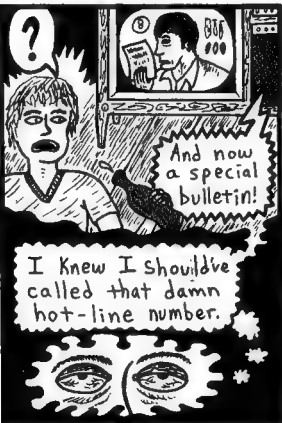
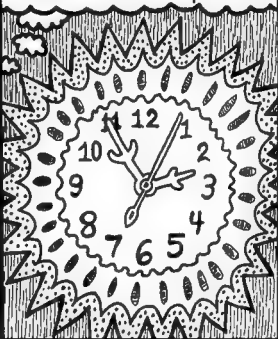
Autumn 1964

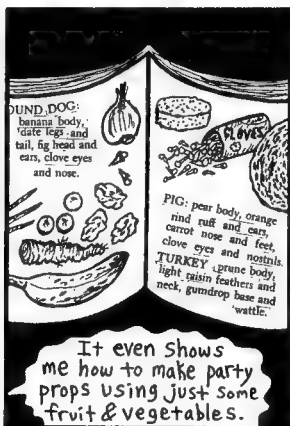
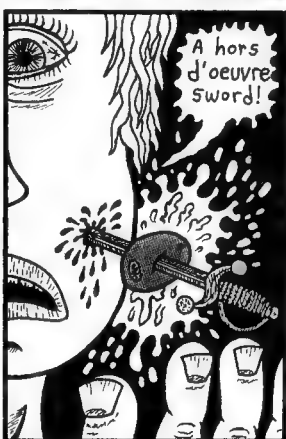
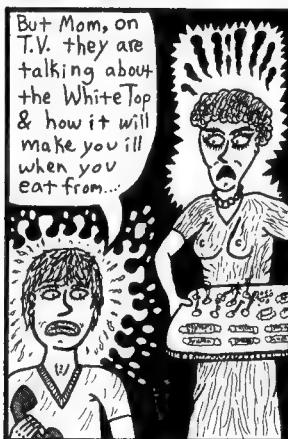
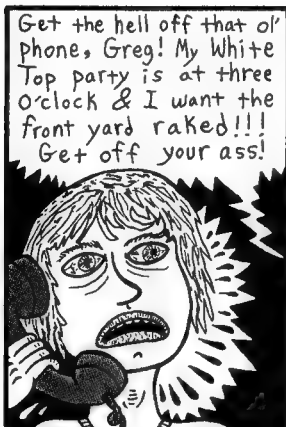


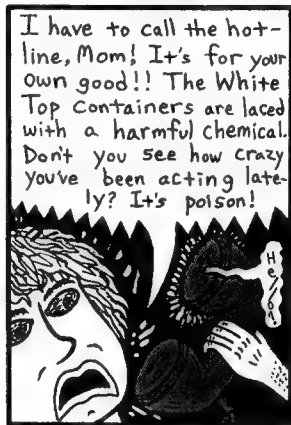
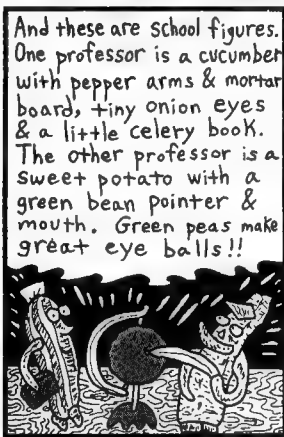
Ohhh.....I can feel myself fading away. If I can hold on for only five more minutes I just might have a slim chance.

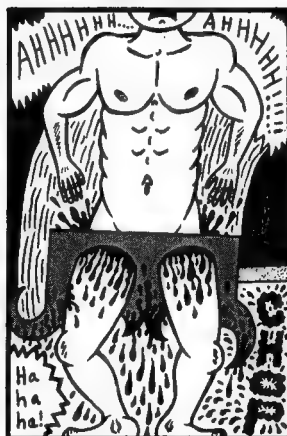


My Mom's party guests will arrive at three o'clock, surely one of them will call police!









Thank God, it's almost three o'clock, my Mom's party guests should be arriving any second. I'm sure one of them will help me. Maybe call an ambulance. I can't believe I haven't bled to death!!!



Thank God, there's the door bell. The guests are now here.



DING DONG

Well, son. There's my White Top party goers! Time for the final touch, my party prop!!



This is the best party you have thrown yet, Judy. Your son is a delightful decoration.



GUTTERSNIPE COMIX #2



STEP RIGHT UP!! AND TAKE A SWAN DIVE INTO SWIRLING MADNESS AND MAYHEM OF GLENN HEAD'S GUTTERSNIPE COMIX #2! FOLLOW EYEBALL EDDIE INTO A TWILIGHT ZONE OF MINDBENDING, KARMIC DEPRIVITY! WITNESS GOD'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION IN THE WEED-STRIKEN GARDEN OF EDEN! BUT KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR THE FLYING CHAINSAW-SWORDFISH - AND PLEASE DON'T FEED THE RATTLEDUCKS!!

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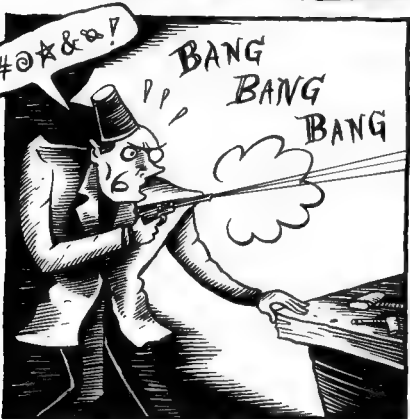
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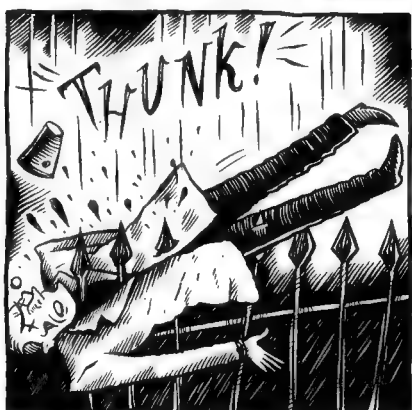
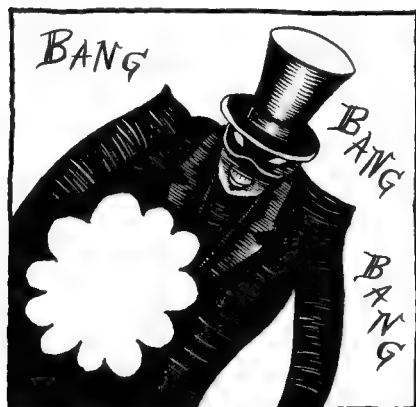
© 1996 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Broom, in Crow's Creek digging into the life of outsider artist Jarnac, learns about Celeste from Dr. Vogardus, and has an unsettling experience in the old windmill, during which he finds ~ then loses ~ the peculiar hanging doll. That same night he encounters the mysterious Mr. Ixnay ~ and ignores a warning to stay in his room. Grabbed by some members of G.A.S.H., Broom is being questioned about Cyril Root's manuscript ~ when Ixnay makes a startling entrance ~









What the #@&*?
is going on??

Hmm ~
You are not
pfilled in yet?
Hokay ~ You are
deservink to know.



Is tsimple! Mr. Hixinay ~ my
boss ~ was foundink member of
G.A.S.H. ~ Was worlt cless
profashional
hassassin!

You don't
say!

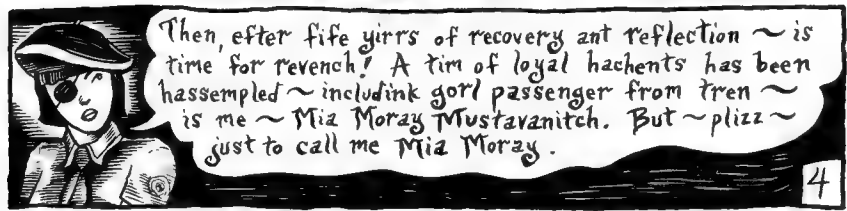


Is true! But, four years ago,
he is wantink out. Is decidink to
retire. His colleagues, dey nut
heppy about
decishun he
is makink.
Result is ~
boom! ~
spictacooler
tren wrack.



Is tarrible. Mr. Hixinay
surwifes ~ berrily ~ and Plesses
his peppers on corpse mootilated
beyond racognishun. Then ~
halonk wit por inchured yunk
gor! ~ he fleerce, hopink dat
bonch of forty bomms tink
he's dad. You are
understandink?

Uh...



Then, efter fife yirrs of recovery ant reflection ~ is
time for revench! A tim of loyal hachents has been
hassempled ~ includink gor! passenger from tren ~
is me ~ Mia Moray Mustavanitch. But ~ plizz ~
just to call me Mia Moray.

G.A.S.H. is usink Ghoul Happlecration Society as front. So, when ~alluva sudden~ new Ghoul murders bekin, is hoppurtoonty too goot to pess up. Cyril Root we see study in G.A.S.H. library for to be writink book on Ghoul. When ~shklit!~ he is kilt, we mek sure Mr. Warm and otter skonks tink dot Cyril in his manuscript is spillink beans habout G.A.S.H. ~revealink enformation they are tserious about keeping tsegret!



When you are showink up, we mek derty ratpfinks to believe you have manuscript ~ or are knowink, mebbe, where to be sarchink for it.

But why? What did I ever do?



Tsk! Mr. Broom! Is nuttink personal! Mr. Hixmay is just needink bait for process of ~ what you say? ~ misdirection. G.A.S.H. ~ they are comink out into open efter you. And we are comink efter them!



Bott ~ tsk ~ you, Mr. Broom, I'm nut happy to say, are neither as clever or as curious as goot reporter should to be. Sometimes we are havink to nutch you halonk ~ to keep you in game.



Remember mis placed glesses?
Stolen ~ so you can meet
Dr. Erd link ~ one of Mr.
Hixinay's pipple ~ who
tries to mek you
nosy about G.A.S.H.



And Omar ~
anotter loyal
hoperative ~ he has
you crashink G.A.S.H.'s
monthly meetink in
middle of night ~
is to mek them
nosy about you!

Bott, always
we are watchink.
When you are
comink up here,
we see G.A.S.H.
killers is all
pfollowing you.
~ So, we
pfollow G.A.S.H.
killers. When
they are
grabbink you
tonight, we
decide to act
quicker than in
orichinal plen ~
because, Mr. Hixinay,
he doesn't want you
beink kilt yet.

Jeez ~ Thanks
a lot!

And dot gori, Heppigail? Was workink for G.A.S.H. ~ Oh, she was stoodant, hallright, and dot agzentric collector really did hamplay her. Bott, G.A.S.H. got to her and hofferred her some big books for manuscript, if she is finding it.



Goot guess is she did find it ~ on night two of you were at Cyril's pless. Mebbe you are not noticink. Mebbe misdirection she too is usink. Hanyway, biffor we are getting to her, somebody else snetch her ~ and manuscript.



Mebbe is Ghoul ~ whozver he is. Mebbe he wants manuscript, too, for his own rizzons ~ whadaver they are. ~ Is gettink clearer?

Uh... yeah ~ sure ~ right. Look ~ I've got some stuff to do and I'd really like to get out of here.

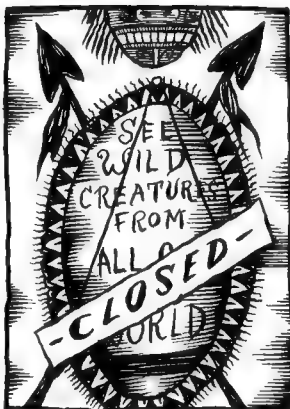
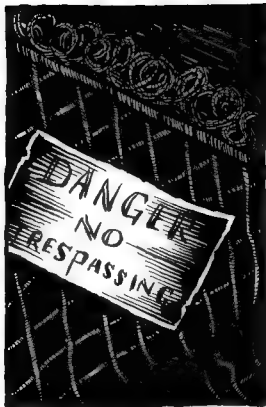
My advice to you: badder to be stayink put.



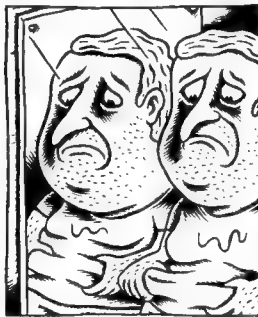
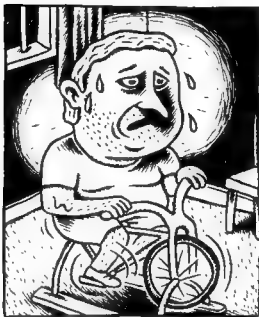
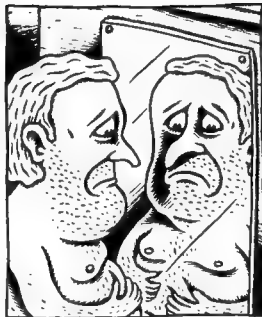
Oh ~ speakink of Ghoul: once,
we observe mestarious mesket
Jorl. Into window of Dr.
Erdlink she is sneazink.
Why? Jest to tek pflower
from wace! Followink her
we discover on you she is
spyink! Is workink mebbe
for Ghoul? Who knows? We
loose her.

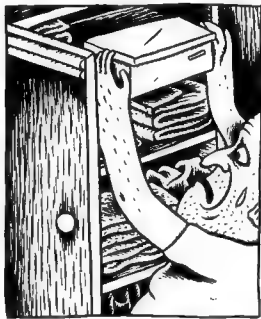
Now ~ plizz ~ wet here. Beck
I'm comink tsoon. Then, I
ham washink hefter you, to
mek hupp for chrubbles.
Hokay? Zo lonk.

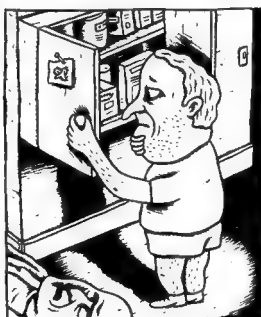
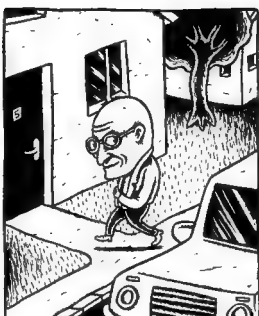
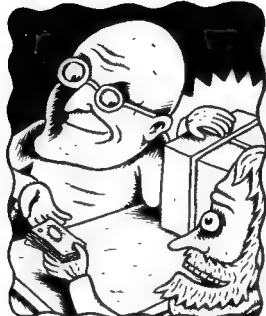




silent storie











Ordering info

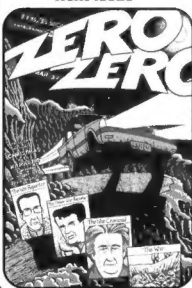
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Next Issue



1 ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1985)
The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a doozy: bus GARY PANTER cover. TED STEARN premieres "Fuzz and Pluck." PAT MURPHY and CHARLES BUKOWSKI team up. FRANK STACK brings back Jessie for a new adventure. DAVID HOLZMAN silently tells of "The Man With the Big Head." HENRIETTE VALUM dissects "The First Disease," plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLLIER, TALEN HEAD, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by SAM DETCH and MICHAEL DOUGAN.

2 ZEROZERO2

(May/June 1985)
"Richard Sala debuts "The Chuckling Whatbit." MAX WHITE premieres "Homunculus." The first "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON! SPARK sponsors the return of Trashy! Plus DAVID MAZZUCHELLI in Japan, GLENN HEAD, MATSUY, DAVID COLLIER, WAYNO, and more (continued on p. 110)

3 ZEROZERO3

(July 1985)
On this cover, c'est not on the cover? Why, it's an explosion of VALUM! SKIP WILLIAMSON and BUCK ALBERGOTT make their ZZ debuts. FRANK STACK'S "Jesus" blows out, and MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime story "I can't" silently stalks the pages! Also in this issue, MARK NEWGARDEN, plus more COLLIER, chapter two of "Whatbit," another "Fuzz and Pluck," and a DAVID SANDOLY "sign of the Apocalypse!"

4 ZEROZERO4

(August 1985)
"Meat Box" by KAZ and TIMOTHY GEORGAKAKIS debuts, plus COLLIER, a TED STEARN dream story, the "Whatbit" part 3, JEFF JOHNSON, CAROL TYLER, a "Car-Boy" heartpiece by MAX ANDERSSON, a MARK BETER back cover, and the exultantly creepy two-color "I Was Killing When Killing 'Was Cool'" by AL FINE (continued)

5 ZEROZERO5

(Sept./Oct. 1985)
JOE COLEMAN cover! CHRIS WARE heartpiece! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! KIM DETCH, MAX ANDERSSON'S "Curse of the Cuddly Critics Factory," "Meat Box," "Whatbit," COLLIER, and "Homunculus."

6 ZEROZERO6

(Nov./Dec. 1985)
KIM DETCH premieres "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare." Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Whatbit," DAVID COLLIER, SKIP WILLIAMSON, PENNY MORAN VAN NORD, GLENN HEAD, and a blizzingly full-color back cover by ROK ALBERGOTT.

7 ZEROZERO7

(Jan./Feb. 1986)
Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, mammoth 18-page epic "Bewitched" by BILL GREIFTH, "Molly's" middle chapter by DETCH, plus GILBERT HERNADEZ, ARCHER PREWITT, and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVID FINE (continued)

8 ZEROZERO8

(March/April 1986)
Big of anniversary issue. Kicked off with a CHARLES BUKOWSKI cover, plus two-color "Soft-Boy" by ARCHER PREWITT, "Whatbit," and "Molly O'Dare." AL COLUMBIA, DAVID COLLIER, "Homunculus," TED STEARN, MIKE DIANA, MAX ANDERSSON, VALUM centerspread!

9 ZEROZERO9

(May/June 1986)
SKIP WILLIAMSON takes a trip down druggy lane! Virgin ZZ forays from SAM HENDERSON, STEPHANE BLANQUET, and SUSAN CATHERINE to OSCAR ZARATE, plus "Whatbit," COLLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALUM back cover.

10 ZEROZERO10

(July 1986)
DREW FREEDMAN cover! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALUM! "Monroe" story by SAM HENDERSON! Plus, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON, "Homunculus," and "Whatbit."

11 ZEROZERO11

(August 1986)
DAVE COOPER's epic "Grimpe" begins with a big of 17-page chapter! Plus STEARN, SALA, KAZ, MAZZUCHELLI, ANDERSSON, COLLIER, and a back cover by ROY TOMPKINS!

12 ZEROZERO12

(Sept./Oct. 1986)
MAX ANDERSSON returns with "Death," his biggest story since Pyle! P. REVESS and JOHANN PIRENEN make their ZZ debuts! AS the plus COLLIER, COOPER, DOUGAN, and SALA, and a back cover by none-other-than DAN CLOWES!

13 ZEROZERO13

(Nov./Dec. 1986)
Big, big chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck," AKA, SAM HENDERSON's "Squid Acorns," SKIP WILLIAMSON's "Stuckly Things Turned Light," plus "Homunculus," "Whatbit," COLLIER, plus BLANQUET back cover, and the return of "Isolated" by DOUG ALBERGOTT.

BLANQUET CONDEMNATION: This issue features the first two of a continuing series of "Silent Stories" (sic) by Gallic football Stéphane Blanquet, and we couldn't be more pleased. Monsieur Blanquet has just released an enormously oversized one-shot, MON MECHANT MOI ("My Bad Me"). There are no plans for an English edition yet, so those of you who read ROY, or just want to gawk at the big, big pictures, can send \$18 to Stéphane Blanquet, 6 rue Colson, 78700 Conflans, France. WE LOVE YOU TOO:

Our pathetic wheedling for letters has borne fruit: many ZERO ZERO readers have deluged us with missives, mostly of a heartwarmingly flattering nature. Don't stop now! — SECOND ANNIVERSARY. Two issues from now, we'll be celebrating the end of ZZ's second year on this Good Green Earth. Wait 'til you see the shit we're tading into this one—why, the two-color Al Columbia and Henriette Valum strips alone will make you sit up and notice! And y'know, if you subscribe today, you'll be getting this \$5.95 issue at

the same low, low price as the others...FREE FUN! Are you on the mailing list for the big, big, semi-annual Fantagraphics Books ULTIMATE CATALOG? If you aren't, drop us a card right away, because you aren't going to want to miss the current edition—it starts with an original cover painting by ZZ's own Dave Cooper. Marc Arsenault and I busted our balls on this puppy, which is why I'm too tired to write anything interesting in these notes. I'll do better next time. See you in a month! — K.T.

OUT OF THE INKWELL AND INTO THE BOTTLE;
THE VERMIN ON THE MOUNT ARE CHASTENED
BY A FAMILIAR WHITE-GLOVED HAND.



